



THE
M E M O I R S
OF

MRS. CATHERINE JEMMAT.





THE
M E M O I R S
O F

Mrs. CATHERINE JEMMAT,

Daughter of the late Admiral YEO of
PLYMOUTH.

WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

SECOND EDITION.

VOL. II.

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T H E
M E M O I R S, &c.

AMONGST the many who
A courted my notice and smiles
at the assembly, was one Mr.

Jemmat, who kept a mercer's shop in
Plymouth; this person took an occa-
sion to tell me, that he had a pretty
fortune of about three thousand pounds,
well laid out in business;—that if
I could think of him for a hus-
band, he would do every thing in his

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power

power to make me as happy as I deserved.

BUT I took so little notice of that common-place chit-chat, and besides, was so utterly indifferent about the man himself, that you see I have not even registered him in the list of my former courtiers.—Wou'd to God I could omit it now; but

The blackest ink of fate was sure my
lot,

And when she wrote my name she
made a blot.

THE melancholy that I mentioned to have seized me, brought a fever upon my spirits, and a number

ber of hypochondriac symptoms; I frequently imagined, as I sat alone contemplating my most forlorn condition, that I saw monsters coming to devour me; again, that I saw my father all in a rage with his sword drawn coming to put me to death, whilst my mother and Mrs. Peggy were whispering in a corner. —I have since ventured to ascribe the cause of this disorder, in some measure, to the extreme stillness of the house, and regularity of Mr. S.'s family, who were all up by six in the morning, and, except on extraordinary occasions indeed, were in bed by nine at night.

To

To me who had hitherto been used to the gaiety of public places; to a perpetual round of company, this sedentary restricted life was sufferable, but far indeed from being agreeable; the company and conversation of the curate was my only consolation.

ONE night when Mr. S.'s family had been some hours asleep, I heard the noise of horses, as I thought, at the door; and awoke my companion, who being heavily asleep, was with some difficulty roused: I imagined it had been my father, whose heart had relented, and therefore hastened her to open the window and enquire who it was; she was answered
a gen-

a gent' nan post from Plymouth, who was come to see Miss Yeo. This confirmed my surprize, and put my heart all of a flutter ; but upon the admittance of the new guest, we found him neither more nor less than the important Mr. Jemmat.

Oh, ill flarr'd hour !

HE sent up word by Miss S. that he came express from my father, and that let what would be the consequence he must see me that night ; he was informed that I was ill, and had been in bed some hours ;—that such an intrusion might incommode and frighten me. No, said he, I come the joyful messenger of peace and reconciliation ;

B 3

I come

I come to dry her tears, and lift her up to such a pitch of glory, that the astonished world shall wonder what strange virtue placed her there.

THIS speech, delivered pretty much in the stile of ancient Pistol, had so wonderful an effect on Mr. S.'s niece, that she brought him without further ceremony to my bedside.

WHEN he came there, and she had retired to give him an opportunity of delivering whatever message he had; he sat down, and taking me by the hand, spoke to this purpose.

CAN

CAN you wonder, most adorable creature, that the man who only lives in the hope of being yours for ever, should thus fly from every enjoyment when he heard of your dejected condition: I never knew you had left your father's house, till being at the assembly this night, and missing the bright star that once illumined it, I made enquiry after your health and welfare, and heard the dreadful particulars; I flew that instant to my horse, and have never slept till I arrived here. —Well, Sir, and what is the purpose of your journey? To propose to you all that a man can offer, as to affection and fortune; to rid you from

from the tyranny of a relentless father, and the base artifices of an obdurate step-mother, by making you my own for ever;——if my most charming Kitty will bless me with her consent, she will make me at once the most happy and most obliged man upon earth.——Pray, Sir, give me time to consider your proposal. Consider, madam, I shall die at your feet, if you don't promise me your hand, this hour shall be my last.——I recollected just at this instant, the resolution I had formerly made, of accepting the first tolerable offer; and I own to you the tragic and affecting manner in which he delivered himself,

went

went no small way to obtain his point.——I told him, Sir, I don't love you, and therefore how can you ask me to marry you. My conduct, madam, shall deserve a kind return; there is a merit in winning the affections of a lady after marriage, which I am highly ambitious of. Well, Sir, I am not averse to you neither, and if you treat me as well as you promise, it must be my fault if a proper sense of affection does not spring up in my bosom.

UPON this I gave the wretch my hand, and promised to be his for ever. Not to tire the reader's patience

tience with a circumstantial detail of trifles, we were shortly after married in the parish church of my friend the clergyman, and partly with the consent of my father, who told a friend who applied to him on the occasion, that he should not forbid a licence. Amongst other congratulations on the subject, I was presented with the following poem.

For ev'ry station of a woman fit,
 Jemmat has sense, vivacity and wit;
 Nor let the want of stature raise a
 strife,
 In less of matter there is more of
 life.

So

So di'monds polish'd into brilliants
rise,

And gain in lustre what they want in
size.

Once we confess, deluded by the
throng,

She lean'd to folly, but she lean'd not
long.

By nature lively, she grew wild by
art,

For sure it was so pretty to be smart.

But soon recov'ring, flush'd with mirth
and youth;

Contented she came home to sense and
truth.

Of ev'ry foreign idle grace disarm'd,

She grew herself,—she reason'd—and
she charm'd.

Yet

Yet tho' she reasons, she can trifle
 still,
 With equal spirit—but superior skill.
 And with some change of manners
 and of stile,
 For folly laughs, when wisdom does
 but smile.
 The pertness fled,—the liveliness re-
 mains,
 She then diverted,—now she enter-
 tains,
 With lively humour and with easy
 sense;
 Not at her neighbour's or her own
 expence.
 But nice reflections on the present cast;
 And modest censures on the follies
 past.

Shy

Shy to decide, tho' ready to discern,
 Fond to improve, yet not asham'd to
 learn ;

Her reason with the charms of fancy
 grac'd,

She feels a relish, and she shews a
 taste :

Her life by principle and truth she
 steers,

Not turn'd by ev'ry whistle that she
 hears,

Like half her sex, from matrons down
 to girls,

With eyes that twinkle and a head
 that twirls,

Now light and giddy, now demure
 and prim,

All pride and passion, prejudice and
 whim ;

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Her

Her heart still regularly taught to
 beat,
 Is warm'd with nature, not with paſ-
 ſion's heat ;
 With her own sorrows apt to swell or
 flow,
 With gen'rous pity for another's woe ;
 While friendship, piety, compaſſion
 move,
 And ev'ry tender ſentiment of love.
 Yet love's admittance too was gain'd
 but ſlow,
 He was a ſtranger only—not a foe ;
 Her heart was to be won, but at her
 price,
 She was not ſo inſenſible as nice :
 Thus ev'ry virtue ſhining in its place,
 And ev'ry virtue follow'd by a grace ;
 She

She claims our praises—are our praises
due?

The picture charms us—is the picture
true?

All poets rant, their fancy is their law,
They colour brightly what they false-
ly draw;

Or grant that one in twenty speaks his
mind,

He may not flatter, yet he may be
blind;

Some praise with art, who cannot
judge with skill,

And many flourish, who can reason
ill;

Jemmat, your worth the writer's fame
insures,

He drew the picture, made the picture
yours:

Shews

Shews to the women how their glories
 sink,
 Shews to the men, a woman dares to
 think ;
 Till all confess, discov'ring whom I
 paint,
 The image faithful, tho' the copy's
 faint.

WHETHER I had the least title to
 such a flow of pretty compliments, I
 cannot pretend to say ; but if I had,
 it will render Mr. Jemmat's subsequent
 conduct the more extraordinary, especi-
 ally if I may be permitted to add the
 following ode, which I received from
 Mr. S. formerly mentioned, after he
 came from Leyden.

In disappointment not unskill'd,
 My mind in search of pleasure roves,
 With hopes of happiness beguil'd,
 Tow'rd ev'ry fond amusement moves.
 But fond amusements all are vain,
 Enchanting Kitty to obtain.

Free from ambition's restless fire,
 My humble soul cou'd live at ease,
 Nor can the thirst of gold inspire
 A wish injurious to my peace,
 Honour and wealth in vain allure,
 A heart contented to be poor.

Not the whole world with all its
 charms,
 Cou'd my regardless heart entice,
 Beauty alone my heart disarms,
 Proof 'gainst the other baits of vice.

Yet here my lovely Kitty's name,
Inspires me with the purest flame.

Pleasures in these soft colours drest,
Attract my unexperienc'd eyes;
Until within my youthful breast,
Warm thoughts and expectations
rise.

And with delusive hopes controul,
Each wish of my unwary soul.

Thus while on earthly bliss my mind
Is fix'd, with fancy'd joy elate,
Too soon, alas, my hopes I find,
Dash'd by some sudden stroke of
fate.

My expectations all are vain,
I only rise to fall again.

No

No more weak youth direct thy aims,
To that which thou can'st never
know,

A love so pure heav'n only claims,
Unrival'd by the joys below,
There, there, thou'lt find what
here thou'lt miss,
A lasting and substantial bliss.—

Mr. Jemmat, who was naturally of
a jealous disposition, though he seemed
quite delighted while the clergyman
was in company; yet he used gently
to chide me when we were alone, for
seeming

“ With a greedy ear,
“ To devour up his discourse.”

As his remonstrances bore no tart
in them, and I was very volatile, I
never

never even thought of those hints, nor should I perhaps ever, had not the parson unluckily delivered to me the following lines while Mr. Jemmat was present; and I have often thought of what Iago says,

“ Trifles light as air,

“ Are to the jealous confirmation
“ strong,

“ As proofs of holy writ.”

To Mrs. JEMMAT.

In thee to blow the flow'r of human
kind,

Sure ev'ry star and ev'ry pow'r com-
bin'd,

From the full source of whose diffusive
heart,

Stream the rich currents of each po-
lish'd art,

While

While virtue, sweetness, elegance and
grace,

Breathes in thy mind, and lives upon
thy face.

Oh might my verse assume a strain
divine,

Soft and obliging, as each act of thine,
The flowing tinctures of a deathless
lay

Shou'd all thy excellence of soul dis-
play.

Thee bounteous heaven, indulgent,
sent to teach,

The summit female eminence cou'd
reach;

And bid your manners, sense and
judgment soar,

A pitch unknown to all your sex before.

'Tis

'Tis thus the princely eagle wings his
way,

Tow'rd the fix'd orbit of resplendent
day:

The smaller species of the feather'd
race,

A while attend him thro' the liquid
space,

Till soon fatigu'd, reluctant they give
o'er,

Behold, astonish'd, but aspire no more ;
While he undaunted traces spheres
unknown,

And views the planetary world alone.

Ambitious nymphs, by whom perfec-
tion's sought,

May emulate thy dignity of thought.

But

But a consummate majesty of mind,
 Marks you the first and best of wo-
 mankind,
 Where dwell the pity'ng pang, the
 tender tear,
 For suff'ring innocence the sigh sin-
 cere,
 The spirit lib'ral, which no bounds
 controul,
 And ev'ry social offspring of the soul.

MR. Jemmat commended the
 composition with a peculiar warmth,
 and said he did not know what re-
 compence to make the gentleman
 for so much civility to his wife;—
 perhaps, my dear, said he, you might
 think of some method to return the
 compliment.—I told him no words
 could

could do it.—So I think, said he, and therefore I shall go to Plymouth to-morrow.—As I really apprehended that he meant to buy some trinket to present to the parson, I advised him to go by all means;—but, said I, you shall take me with you. No, my dear, said he, that would prevent the very purpose of my going, the doctor will take care to comfort you: I warrant he has not been a lover so long without knowing what a gay young lady requires in the absence of her husband.

· Though such language at this time of day might be intelligible to me, yet I could not then conceive from
whence

whence it proceeded; what do you mean, said I;——mean, child, said he, why that man loves you better than I do, and perhaps you love him better than me; he was an older friend, you told me you did not love me when you took me, and what a blockhead was I to expect it.

THIS discourse was interrupted by Mr. S's niece, who came in to know what we would have for dinner.——Love, madam, said he, virtuous love, it will subsist us, we shall grow fat on't; 'tis a scarce commodity, and therefore will relish the more exquisitely.

DURING this speech he walked to and fro in the room, and rolled his eyes in a manner I had never seen him do before; he then went out, clapped the door after him, and rode directly to Plymouth.

MISS S. seemed thunder-struck, and was some time before she could recover the powers of speech;—— at length she said, pray madam have you had any words with Mr. Jemmat? I told her no, but shewed her the verses, and told her all the proceedings.

MY dear, said she, I am sorry for you, I perceive that he is troubled

troubled with jealousy, and I fear as you are young and handsome, you will have a very unhappy life with him;——he has been making some enquiries in the house about your former conduct, which, with his recent behaviour, leaves no room to doubt of it.

I TOLD her, like poor Desdemona, with my eyes full of tears, I had never given him cause for a suspicion of my regard or my constancy, but that I suppose now I was married to him, he was determined to tyrannise over me.

Miss S. gave me much good advice, and told me the only method

to

to cure him, would be to attend him wherever he went, and to feign myself jealous of every woman he even looked at; both of which I thought too mean to put in practice, though I had too much good manners to contradict her.

ABOUT two o'clock in the morning he returned, but so disordered with liquor, that he was scarce able to speak, and being incapable of undressing himself, I performed that office for him as well as I had power to do, and put him into bed;——he had not been there long, when he either was, or feigned himself to be in convulsion fits; this very much terrified me, as I had no creature to
give

give me any assistance. I recollected just that moment, that Mr. S's niece lay but in the opposite room; I therefore run in without a candle, and drew back the curtain with some emotion, when, to my infinite surprise, I heard the parson's voice, cry, who's there? what's the matter; I was retiring with precipitation to my own room, when behold, I met the gentleman whom I left in fits, with the candle in his hand, and in his shirt. Well, madam, said he, I find you know the ways of this house, I am now satisfied. I explained the matter to him so as to leave no hinge to hang a doubt on,——but he was fullen, and

only answered ; pray, madam, come to bed.

THE next morning at breakfast I was heartily bantered by Mr. S's family and the clergyman for my mistake, which Mr. S. said was very easily accounted for, as his niece had always slept in that room, but resigned it to the curate, who had accommodated Mr. Jemmat and me with his.

Miss S. told us a story of a similar nature, but attended with the most fatal consequences ; a young lady who married a clergyman of Cornwall, for downright love, after she had been undressed on the wedding night and put to bed, took
it

it into her head to run away from him; she fled into a dark room; he followed her, and unluckily struck his temples against the corner of some drawers that stood in the way, dropt down, and immediately expired. This poor young creature was called the *maiden widow*, and Miss S. told us, that the grief of it affected her brain in such a manner that she remained melancholly for several years after. Nor was it to be wondered at, since she dearly loved her husband, who had been seven years courting her.

MR. Jemmat however frequently told me afterwards, that he never could be persuaded, but that I knew
the

the curate was in that room, and had made an assignation with him.

I MUST confess, however, that after a long conference between him and this gentleman——wherein I suppose he spoke to his understanding, his behaviour during our stay at Mr. S's, which was but a very few days, was very uniform.

MY readers will be pleased to remember that Mr. Jemmat was bred a silk mercer, and kept a shop at Plymouth. He had made both me, and the gentleman who applied to my father for his consent, believe, that his business was able to support us in a genteel manner. But a
little

little time shewed things very different from his representations.

HE brought me to his house as he called it: but which more properly might have gone by the appellation of an hog-sty; the kitchen and parlour were scattered over with broken bottles and glassess, the manifest marks of riot and excess. There were three beds in the house, but scarcely any other furniture, insomuch that we were at a loss where to sit down.

I too soon experienced that he had no intentions to settle in the world, or to obtain the reputation of an upright man; his scheme in marrying

rying me, was only to extort money from my father to pay his creditors, who were very numerous and pressing, and who had some hopes from his union with our family of being paid; and therefore desisted from arresting him, till they saw what the marriage would produce.

WHEN I had got my house a little to rights, I observed that my father stopped every afternoon at an apothecary's shop opposite to it, to see how we went on, and to make enquiries about us. My friends and acquaintance sent me several pretty presents of china, linen, and pictures, so that my parlour was quite a
baby

baby house, as it was small, but well
 filled; before we had been a fortnight
 here, as I was sitting alone in the shop,
 Mr. Jemmat being abroad upon busi-
 ness, I saw my father making directly
 to our door;——I ran away into the
 back parlour, as if I had been guilty
 of some crime, but he followed me
 with great humanity; I threw myself
 at his feet, and solicited his pardon and
 his blessing, which he readily gave me,
 and bid me be of good cheer, for he
 would be a better father to me than I
 expected.

IT had been pre-agreed between
 Mr. Jemmat and a sister of his, that
 as soon as he was settled, she should
 come

come and keep house for him; but as I had been informed of this, and likewise that she was the most insinuating, artful creature upon earth, I was determined to oppose it;—which I had the more authority to do, both as I had refused to accept of my own sister, and that I found he had no dependance but upon my father's liberality.

THIS sister, it seems, had framed a design to make a property of us either by one means or another;—if she got footing in the house, she judged it would be in her power every moment;—if that failed, why then she had a bond for two hundred pounds, ready filled up, which she

she supposed she could prevail on him to sign and seal, whenever she could find an opportunity to intoxicate him with liquor, an infirmity she well knew he had long been a slave to.

FOR this purpose she came to Plymouth, and sent a servant late at night, to acquaint him that there were some customers, at such an inn, who desired to see him immediately. I observed the servant to wink at him, when he delivered a letter into his hand, which made me conclude it was she; I therefore insisted upon it, that I would accompany him to the inn. After

many remonstrances which availed nothing, he agreed I should go with him, and told me it was only his sister, who was so very obliging as to come to keep house for him.

I TOLD him I would have no second mistress in my house, but that in regard to him, I would render his sister any service in my power.

SPOKE like yourself, Kitty, said he, then follow me; we went to the inn, and I could discover all imaginable confusion in the countenance of her and a man who was with her, upon my entrance.

I THOUGHT

I THOUGHT it necessary to shew them all the good-manners I was mistress of, and to invite them home; which I did, and when they had been there some time, the man said to Mr. Jemmat, don't you know, Sir, your sister wants to speak to you? why don't you go into another room.

SIR, said he, there can be nothing said to me, but what my wife ought to know, and shall hear; upon this she declared, that she wanted some goods out of the shop for cloaths; I told Mr. Jemmat to give them to her by all means, and added to it, as a present of my own, to the value of twenty pounds; she
went

went away in high spirits, and I thought I had taken an effectual step to secure her friendship, for heaven knows how ill we could afford what she then received. But as the poet justly observes,

“Ingratitude’s the growth of ev’ry
“climate.”

THIS very woman, as soon as she got to the country, wrote him a letter, filled with the blackest and most diabolical insinuations; such as that the child I went with was not his, but a gentleman’s who (as luck would have it) had not been in Plymouth for many months; that I was great with such and such people; and that as my father had
hitherto

hitherto done little or nothing, and was only trifling, he ought to turn me and the bastard on his hands, sell off his goods, and go off to London.

MR. Jemmat, after receiving this pretty epistle, was eight days without speaking a single word to me, nor should I ever have known the cause of it, but that in rummaging his pockets for the key of a drawer I wanted, I found the letter.

THERE happened at that time to be present a physician's lady, who had formerly been my school-fellow; to her I delivered the letter before I had read half its contents.

E 3

I was

I was surprised to see her burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, and demanded the occasion of it; read, my dear creature, said she, and believe your own eyes; you here find yourself accused of being familiar with my husband as well as all the rest.

As this accusation carried in its front a contradictory kind of absurdity, I could not help joining her in the laugh; indeed, this single circumstance was sufficient to evince the fallacy of every matter advanced against me.

I CONSULTED her what I should do upon this occasion; she begged
I would

I would leave it to her, and she would undertake to cure him effectually of giving heed to such flanders for the future, that is, said she, if he has a grain of common sense.

FOR that purpose she begged I would send immediately to invite the doctor to supper, and, said she, if Mr. Jemmat comes home sober, which is fifty to one, you shall find in what a manner I'll punish him. I did as she desired, and the doctor drank tea with us. About nine o'clock he came home, and seeing company with me, affected to be in great good humour,——took and kissed me, and then the lady, and said, Doctor, you may re-
turn

turn the compliment; you may kiss my wife whenever you think proper; for I shall go to London in a few days upon business, and then you'll have a fair opportunity for retaliation.

S I R, said the lady, I fancy the doctor has been before-hand with you, for though I despise retailing slander,—yet I have been well informed, and from such authority as you at least would scarcely dispute, that there has already been too great a degree of intimacy between my husband and your wife for female patience to support. Nay, I have heard, that the doctor is the real father of the child she now carries.

MR.

MR. Jemmat and the doctor looked stedfastly at each other;——
 nay, gentlemen, said the lady, I have now purposely brought you all together to have this affair cleared up. Pray madam, said Mr. Jemmat, with a look of great dissimulation, from whence had you this report? It is necessary you should give up the author, that the doctor and myself may proceed according to law against him.

I AM glad, Sir, said she, you resent the thing as you ought to do; and you must be the most infamous villain upon earth, if you don't make a public example of those that dare to propagate or even whisper

per so groundless a calumny. If you will promise me to act as you ought to do, and that the doctor will be upon honour to join you in the prosecution, I will this moment tell you my author.

THEY both declared their assent to this proposal, the one sincerely, and the other hypocritically; upon this she pulled out the letter, and began to read it verbatim; I observed Mr. Jemmat's colour to come and go strangely, and therefore could not stand it, but left them to settle it among themselves, and retired to a room, where I locked myself up.

FILLED

FILLED with the most gloomy reflections, I kneeled down by the bedside to implore the assistance of divine providence, in which position I fell so sound asleep, that Mr. Jemmat, after searching the whole house for me at past twelve o'clock at night, was forced to break open the door of the room I was in, as I had locked it after me.

HE told me he begged ten thousand pardons for not shewing me that diabolical letter before, but he said he knew it would only make me unhappy; and as he disbelieved the contents, and despised the writer, he hoped I would forgive him. If you will, Kitty, said he, from the bottom

tom of your heart, I'll promise you in the sincerity of mine, that I never will for the future, either converse or correspond with her that strove to disunite us. I might as well seem to believe him as not, for I had no remedy, so after forcing on me a few Judas kisses we went to bed.

My mother was at this time in the country for the recovery of her health, which was in a very declining state; my father advised me to go and visit her, as it was but a few miles out of town, and lent me a horse and a servant whenever I had an inclination; in obedience to his commands I waited on her several

veral times ; she had now dismissed her favourite maid by the positive injunction of my father, and tho' I found her at first a little shy and reserved, yet in process of time she became quite friendly and obliging, so that I thought myself happy when I could get an opportunity to pay my respects to her.

SHE had then but two children living, a son, now my worthy brother, and a daughter who is since dead ; my brother was very fond of me in his younger days, but since he has come to the possession of my father's fortune, he seems to have quite forgot that there is such a person as myself in the world.

My mother being advised by her physicians to go to Bath, she requested that Mr. Jemmat would accompany her a part of the way, and bring me with him, to which we readily consented; she treated us all the way with the most cordial civility, and we parted extreme good friends.

IN a fortnight after my mother's departure, my father was seized with a most terrible fit of the gout, during which I attended him with all possible assiduity, and sat up night after night in his room, which for one in my condition was not the most proper office; but I considered nothing but my duty, and would willingly have given up
my

my life to have added one hour to his.

ONE evening that he found himself something better, he told me I might go home and rest myself, and that if he found any relapse, he would send for me.

JUST as I had got into bed in my own house, I heard a violent knocking at the door, and my presaging head told me I had lost my father; but it was not so bad as I conjectured, the the fit had returned on him with tenfold pain, and he requested me to come to to him that instant.

I JUST

I JUST threw a night-gown about me, put on my slippers, and followed the messenger.—When I entered the room, I went to his bed-side, and he said, in a very low voice, Oh, Kitty, I am expiring, but take care you don't take cold.——

His thinking of me at that time made my eyes flow plentifully with tears.—I prevailed on him to take some warm jelly with a quantity of spice and strong Madeira wine in it.

THERE was a footman in the room who constantly attended him ;—after I had helped him to his draught, I sat down by the fire, and heard with the utmost concern the deep groans
he

he uttered, amidst which he was most fervently praying to God to take him out of his pain, when suddenly he went to move one of his legs, and from the anguish of it, thundered out the most dreadful imprecations; the footman, upon this alternative, burst into such a fit of laughter, that he was obliged to leave the room, as he could not for his life suppress it; and indeed, it was with the greatest difficulty I could refrain myself from following his example; it brought to my remembrance the passage in Shakespear, between Sir John Falstaff and the prince of Wales, where Sir John is lamenting the wicked course of life he had led, which he modestly imputed to company, villanous company;——and the prince,

F 3

who

who knew his hypocrisy, proposes a highway robbery; Sir John instantly agrees to it,——and says,——“ where you will.”——A good reformation, truly says the prince, from praying to purse-taking.

I CONTINUED with my father till past seven in the morning, at which hour he fell into a sound sleep: I left strick orders with the servants to come for me, if there should be any particular call; but he slept seven hours, which greatly refreshed him, - and I was in his room an hour before he awoke; from this time he mended every day;

BUT

BUT whatever joy the recovery of my father might inspire in my bosom, it was soon clouded with a veil of the most unutterable sorrow, by the bad œconomy of my unfortunate husband; who kept himself in such a continued state of stupefaction, that it gave him a kind of false courage; or, as Mr. Pope has luckily expressed it in the Dunciad,

“ And thou my darling, thou my

“ fav’rite child,

“ Stern impudence, to stupefaction

“ mild.”

THIS carried him to such extremes, that he abused every body

who

who came in his way; nor were his maker or his king exempted from the rancour of his tongue.

How then must it fare with his poor wife, who was soon after brought to bed of a daughter? His behaviour to me at that season, when even brutes and savages shew some marks of tenderness to the suffering female, was such that humanity would blush at the repetition of;—in short, it threw me into a violent child-bed fever; in which I was delirious for some weeks, and should have been utterly lost, but that I found in strangers what I might reasonably have expected in a husband.

IT will not be necessary to enter any farther into the particulars of my husband's behaviour to me, as I believe my readers may easily from this small sketch imagine it; especially as more minute details are not sufficiently interesting to engage their attention.

BUT as the unhappy victim I cannot refrain mentioning, that night after night, like a poor submissive slave, have I laid my lordly master in his bed, intoxicated and insensible: day after day have I received blows and bruises for my reward: in short, I thought I had married a man, I found I had married a monster.

THIS

THIS method of going on for a tradesman was impossible to last long; within three years after our marriage he became a bankrupt; and tho' I had many friends who tried to intercede with my father to take me into his house, he was deaf to all their entreaties: some of whom, of family and fortune far superior to his, continued their solicitations till his death.

THUS thrown upon the wide world for support, may I not plead as some excuse for any foibles I may since have been led into, the many natural as well as incidental causes that I have had to struggle with; tho' I have still the satisfaction to think, that none of them

have

have led me to act beneath the dignity of my sex.

BUT as many of my readers may never have heard farther of me than my own story, I have thought proper to introduce the following conversation verbatim as Lord D. told me he heard it at a coffee-house between a gentleman of rank and fortune since deceased, and Mr. H. an old sweet-heart of mine, to shew the opinion that every one that knew me had of my father and husband's behaviour; especially as it contains a story which I should have introduced in the beginning of my Memoirs.

SAYS

SAYS this gentleman to Mr. H.

“ I’ll give you a proof of this girl’s
 “ intrepidity, which happened when
 “ I was first lieutenant to her fa-
 “ ther, and she was about thirteen
 “ years old ; we went aboard a Swede
 “ man of war with her father and mo-
 “ ther and many others, to see some
 “ fine horses and wild beasts that were
 “ going as a present to the Queen of
 “ Hungary ; the horses were all be-
 “ tween decks but one that had not
 “ been well, which was upon the deck,
 “ fastened by a rope to the side of the
 “ ship ; when we had taken a survey
 “ of these creatures, all the company
 “ was asked to tea in the cabin with
 “ the captain of the ship ; her father,
 “ after his usual manner, had been
 “ been

“ swearing at her that she had said
 “ or done something to displease him,
 “ and he wished her at the devil ;
 “ presently a trap-door opens in the
 “ cabin-floor, and up comes a black
 “ boy with the tea-kettle, which a lit-
 “ tle startled us all ; upon which she
 “ jumped up as if in a great fright,
 “ and laying hold of her father, Lord,
 “ Sir, says she, you had just been wish-
 “ ing the devil had me, and I thought
 “ he was come sure enough to take
 “ you away for wishing me to him ;
 “ at which we all laughed very hearti-
 “ ly, as it was said so drolery ;
 “ but what surprised me most was,
 “ there was another Miss with her
 “ about the same age, and one of the
 “ lieutenants of the ship asked the
 Vol. II. G “ young

“ young ladies to walk up into his
 “ cabin to see a very great curiosity;
 “ her father being now in great good
 “ humour, consented they should go
 “ with me to the lieutenant’s cabin,
 “ who was the son of a Swedish
 “ nobleman; as soon as we got on
 “ the deck, she says to me, if you will
 “ not tell my father, I’ll get on the
 “ back of that horse, that I may say
 “ I have rode on one of the Queen of
 “ Hungary’s horses; he’ll break your
 “ neck, says I, are you not afraid?
 “ Not I, says she, not half so much as
 “ my father is when he goes on his
 “ own horse; I could not help smiling
 “ at her, and was resolved to see if
 “ she had the courage to do it; she
 “ asked the man that tended these
 “ horses

" horses if he would hold the horse
 " only while she sat on his back one
 " moment ; as the fellow did not
 " understand English, I told him in
 " French ; he shook his head, and said
 " he would throw the young lady off,
 " but he would hold the horse if I
 " desired it ; upon which I gave him
 " a shilling, and pretended to leave
 " her, saying, I would not see her
 " break her neck ; she did not care,
 " she said ; then she called to a man
 " she knew, and asked him to help
 " her on the horse's back only for
 " one moment, for the horse was very
 " high ; I whispered the man to go
 " and lift her up, and not stir from
 " her, and I kept near myself for fear
 of

“ an accident: all the Swedes upon
 “ deck looked with astonishment,
 “ not thinking she would have cou-
 “ rage to venture; well, the man
 “ put her upon the horse’s back, which
 “ began to prance and caper, and
 “ would inevitably have thrown her,
 “ if the fellow had let go his hold,
 “ but she was not in the least intimi-
 “ dated, but told him to let her go
 “ and not hold her; upon this I called
 “ to him to take her off; as soon as
 “ she was down, now, says she, I have
 “ been upon one of the Queen of
 “ Hungary’s horses, and I’ll tell my
 “ papa myself: we went into the lieu-
 “ tenant’s cabin to see this curiosity,
 “ which was a very small dog, but
 “ a half quarter of a yard long, quite
 “ white,

“ white, and just ten months old, with
 “ a little diamond locket round its
 “ neck, it being a present for the
 “ Queen; the lieutenant asked her
 “ what she would give for such a lit-
 “ tle creature; give, says she, I would
 “ almost give the prettiest thing I have
 “ got; what is that Miss, says he;
 “ why my maidenhead, she answered;
 “ oh, says the gentleman, if you
 “ will give me that, you shall have the
 “ dog, and I can say it died; why
 “ then says she, you can say that it
 “ died without my giving you my pre-
 “ sent; and where do you keep this
 “ treasure of your’s, Miss? in my
 “ drawer, says she, my papa brought
 “ it from London, and it is very
 “ pretty;

“ pretty ; what is it like, he asked
 “ her ; what is it like, she says, why
 “ a fan ; my papa brought some from
 “ town, and he said I should have
 “ the maidenhead of them, and I
 “ have called it so ever since ; pho,
 “ says he, that is not what I mean ;
 “ oh, says she, very innocently, you
 “ mean what ladies keep till they are
 “ married ; no, I would not give that
 “ for a little dog neither, for then I
 “ should never get a husband while I
 “ live, and I do not think I would
 “ give you the fan now you are so im-
 “ pudent : she teased this young fel-
 “ low so much, that I verily thought
 “ she would affront him.

“ So,

“ So, says she, you would give up
 “ a present from your sovereign for the
 “ imaginary maidenhead of a fan ; fie
 “ upon you, I am sorry you are so
 “ baulked as well as me, who ex-
 “ pected you would have made me
 “ an offer of this dear little creature ;
 “ dam the dog, said he, in a great
 “ rage.

“ She would not drop the subject
 “ all I could say to her, till another
 “ of the lieutenants came to ask the
 “ ladies if they were afraid of the
 “ guns, because the captain had or-
 “ dered them to be fired.

“ O Lord,

“ O Lord, says she to the young
 “ fellow that had the dog, now you
 “ may give it me, and say it was
 “ frightened to death with the firing
 “ of the guns, which will be a better
 “ excuse than saying it died, because
 “ its master wanted the maidenhead of
 “ a fan : she begged of the other lieu-
 “ tenant to let her go with the gunner
 “ and fire two or three of the guns ;
 “ the gentleman asked her if she was
 “ not afraid ; no, says she, I have put
 “ the match, and fired the evening-
 “ gun many a time aboard my papa’s
 “ ship ; well, says the lieutenant, I’ll
 “ go and see you do it ; with all my
 “ heart says she, I don’t care who sees
 “ me, it is no harm.

“ The

" The other girl was frightened out
 " of her senses at the thoughts of
 " the guns ; so Miss Yeo said to her,
 " stay and take care of the dear little
 " dog, you may make a better bargain
 " with him perhaps than I have done,
 " for he will part with it for a maiden-
 " head of any sort, if it is but the
 " maidenhead of a walnut, that you can
 " buy twenty a penny.

" The young Swede had much
 " more patience with her than I should,
 " had I been in his place ; but he was
 " very polite, and we all laughed ex-
 " cessively ; for she was so droll, and
 " withal so artless, that any person
 " would have been delighted with
 " her.

" Well,

“ Well, we went to fire the guns,
 “ and I told her she must give the
 “ gunner half a crown, because it was
 “ a forfeit; that’s true, says she,
 “ I gave my papa’s gunner the same;
 “ but I would not suffer her to do it,
 “ and gave it the fellow myself, who
 “ went with her to every gun; she says
 “ to me, is my old dad safe? then it
 “ is very well; and when I have fired
 “ them, I will go and tell him, that
 “ I have more courage than him-
 “ self at firing guns: I mean,—she
 “ said, and made a full stop; he’s a
 “ a very good old fellow too, some-
 “ times.

“ I NEVER was so well diverted in
 “ all my life, as when I saw her with
 “ the

“ the match in her hand, and we in
 “ procession after her: Oh, says she,
 “ how the horses will prance when the
 “ guns go off.

“ As soon as she had fired all the
 “ guns, she called to the lieutenant,
 “ well, is the dog dead? if he is, you
 “ may safely give it me, as here is wit-
 “ nesses enough that he died of a
 “ fright.

“ SHE runs into the cabin where
 “ her father and mother, and the rest
 “ of the company were sitting; well,
 “ I have fired them, says she; fired
 “ what, her father says; why the guns,
 “ Sir, says she; I told them I had
 “ more courage to fire a gun than you
 “ had

“ had to get on a horse ; and I have
 “ rode on one of the Queen of Hun-
 “ gary’s horses ; and I offered to give
 “ a gentleman my maidenhead for the
 “ prettiest little creature of a dog, Sir,
 “ you ever saw in your whole life.

“ H E R father began to storm and
 “ swear like a madman ; what is the
 “ devil in the girl, or is she drunk,
 “ says he ; with that I went up to him
 “ and told him, he should not be
 “ angry with her for being innocently
 “ merry ; don’t baulk a girl of her spi-
 “ rit, says I, captain ; hear what she
 “ has to tell you, and if you can hold
 “ from laughing, I’ll be damn’d ; well,
 “ with some persuasions, her father be-
 “ gan to smooth his brow, and said, pray,
 “ Miss,

“ Miss what are all these pranks that
 “ you have been playing? I have not
 “ been playing, Sir, says she, but I have
 “ been riding and firing the guns; I
 “ wish you had fired your brains, said
 “ her father: pray Sir, says she, don’t
 “ wish any more bad things, for you
 “ wished me to the devil but just now,
 “ and he directly came, and till I saw
 “ the tea-kettle in his hand, I was
 “ afraid he was come for you, be-
 “ cause you swear so bitterly; for he
 “ may like them that swear and wish
 “ bad wishes, as well as he does those
 “ that lye; and that’s the reason he
 “ likes the quakers so well, because
 “ they tell lies to please him.

“ HOLD your tongue huffey, fays her
 “ father ; for there was a rich quaker
 “ with them in company that he was
 “ very intimate with ; but the quaker,
 “ instead of being affronted, was pleas-
 “ ed with her, as he knew her spirit.
 “ And pray, Miss, said her father,
 “ what is this about the maidenhead :
 “ then she told him how she had ral-
 “ lied the lieutenant, and every word
 “ she had said ; at which they all
 “ laughed very heartily, and sent
 “ for him down to drink a glass of
 “ wine with us, but he desired to be
 “ excused. Says her father very
 “ gravely, I suppose you have affront-
 “ ed this young gentleman with your
 “ airs.

“ Well

" WELL then, says she, if you'll
 " give me leave, I'll be whipped if I
 " don't bring him down for all this
 " story about the maidenhead, and he
 " shall let you see the pretty little
 " creature. Her father said she might
 " go if I would go with her, and
 " we went immediately to his cabin,
 " where he was playing on the Ger-
 " man flute; she said to him, I come,
 " Sir, to ask ten thousand pardons
 " for being so free as I was with
 " you, which I hope your good-
 " ness and politeness will attribute to
 " want of thought, and the natural
 " vivacity of my disposition; she said
 " this with so much good-nature,
 " that the lieutenant was quite in
 " raptures with her; she told him
 " she

“ she must not appear before her pa-
 “ pa if he did not go with her, and
 “ and that she should think, as well
 “ as her papa, that she had affront-
 “ ed him if he refused it; he pres-
 “ sed her hand with great eagerness
 “ to his breast, and said, my dear
 “ Miss, suffer me to salute you, and
 “ be assured that I am charmed with
 “ your spirit as well as your person,
 “ and that nothing gives me so much
 “ pleasure as seeing a young lady so
 “ volatile. Well then, says she, after
 “ all these fine speeches, and a kiss or
 “ two into the bargain, I must insist
 “ upon introducing you into the
 “ cabin, for I dare not shew my
 “ face without you, as my papa has
 “ threatened to fire my brains al-
 “ ready,

“ ready, and then he would be for
 “ firing my whole body out of one
 “ of your guns ; and I am sure you’ll
 “ trust me to carry the box with the
 “ dog for my papa to see, and do
 “ you put your flute in your pocket,
 “ and I’ll clear up my voice, and
 “ we’ll strike up a tune that shall
 “ please them.

“ THE young gentleman began now
 “ to be so enamoured with her and
 “ she of him, that they did not care
 “ to part, till I put her in mind that
 “ her papa would wonder at her stay-
 “ ing ; but go she would not with-
 “ out the lieutenant, who presented
 “ her with a box of extreme fine
 “ flowers,

“ flowers, and I saw him put a bit
 “ of paper into her hand as he took
 “ hold of it, which he had taken up
 “ the pen to write, and which could
 “ not be above two lines : thinks I
 “ to myself, Mr. Swede, though you’re
 “ a pretty fellow, and the son of a
 “ nobleman, you shall have good luck.
 “ if you carry this girl off ; we all
 “ three went into the cabin, and the
 “ lieutenant’s servant was to bring
 “ the box of flowers, for Miss car-
 “ ried the dog, and took it out on
 “ the table before her father ; and
 “ now, Sir, says she, would you have
 “ been angry at my giving what I
 “ offered for such a curiosity ; why I
 “ would make a fortune of it ; if it
 “ were

" were mine, no person should see it:
" under a shilling.

" THE young spark and she enter-
" tained us with their musick for
" some time, after which we took
" our leave, and I really believe the
" lieutenant would have given her the
" dog, he was so much enraptured
" with her, had her father been any
" way civil to him, but that was
" not in his nature. He asked the
" captain and another of the lieuten-
" ants to dine at his house the next
" day, when the captain with great
" politeness told him, he never went
" any where without asking the liber-
" ty to take this young gentleman
" with him, who was the son of his
" patron,

“ patron, and one of their first nobi-
 “ lity. Her father said he might
 “ bring him, but he would have no
 “ fiddling nor tuning in his girl’s ears,
 “ she was wild enough already, and
 “ he should have her want to run away
 “ with a foreigner. The captain said
 “ he hoped he would have a better
 “ opinion of his honour, than to think
 “ he would knowingly encourage any
 “ thing of that kind. But there’s the
 “ thing, says her father, neither you
 “ nor I may know it; they are both
 “ young, and she is a fly baggage,
 “ and loves to be flattered; the cap-
 “ tain assured him, he was a young
 “ gentleman of great honour and
 “ generosity; damn his generosity,
 “ says her father.

THE

“ THE box of flowers was put into
 “ the boat, and the young fellow seat-
 “ ed Miss in the chair to be hoisted in,
 “ and we all took our leaves and came
 “ away.

“ WE were a good many in the boat,
 “ and for the conveniency of their
 “ elders, the two girls sat on our laps;
 “ Miss Yeo sat partly on mine, and
 “ partly on her papa's. She asked the
 “ coxswain if there was a box of flowers
 “ there: yes, Miss, says the fellow,
 “ here is three boxes brought down by
 “ a gentleman's servant, and he said
 “ they were for you. Three says her
 “ father, what the devil is in them!
 “ may be the dog or the devil, says she,
 “ but

“ but they proved to be two boxes of
 “ sweetmeats and the flowers.

“ HER father opened one of them
 “ and eat a good deal, as we all did
 “ at the expence of the poor girl’s
 “ present. She says to me, only mind
 “ how hearty the old gentleman eats,
 “ and when he has eaten them he will
 “ damn me, and call me a little bitch
 “ for accepting them, though I knew
 “ nothing of the matter, as he did
 “ when captain P. sent me a paper of
 “ sweetmeats at the play, for he ate
 “ every morsel from me, and then
 “ damned me for accepting them;
 “ what is her little bitch’s tongue
 “ talking about now, says her father;
 “ why Sir, she answered, I am telling
 “ how

“ how you love sweet things, but
 “ all you eat don’t make you sweet-
 “ tempered, as every body says I am,
 “ and I wonder they have not that
 “ effect on old people as they have on
 “ young. So you call your father old,
 “ do you, says he, if you don’t hold
 “ your tongue, by G——d I’ll throw
 “ you overboard, and you may drown
 “ and be damned.

“ No Sir, says she, I shall neither
 “ be drowned, nor the other bad thing
 “ you mentioned, if you do throw me
 “ over; for I’ll invoke old Neptune
 “ to bear me in his chariot through
 “ the waves to my new lover aboard
 “ a ship, and then I’ll get presented as
 “ well as the little dog to the queen
 “ of

“ of Hungary. Her being so very
 “ comical, at last brought her father
 “ into a very good humour with her,
 “ and I was so much in love with her
 “ natural vivacity and native inno-
 “ cence, that I determined to make
 “ proposals to her father for her my-
 “ self.

“ As she found I could not for the
 “ soul of me keep my legs still, she
 “ starts up and says, lord Mr. C. what
 “ is the matter with you that you can’t
 “ keep your legs still when I am on
 “ your lap, my papa does not tremble
 “ so, may be I hurt you; no, no,
 “ I told her, sit still; tho’ in fact I
 “ wished her off; her father laughed,
 “ the ladies looked demure, and the
 “ boat’s

“ boat’s crew were forced to turn their
 “ heads; what do the men laugh at
 “ she says, because I said you could
 “ not keep your legs still, no more you
 “ can’t, is there any harm in that, may
 “ be you have got the fidgets. The
 “ devil in hell fidget the girl’s tongue,
 “ she is certainly mad or drunk; I’ll
 “ tell you what Kate, says her father,
 “ I’ll give you a guinea, if you will
 “ not speak another word till we get on
 “ shore.

“ Put it into this gentleman’s posses-
 “ sion then she said.

“ Well I will, says her father: she
 “ took hold of the guinea; now Sir,
 “ says she, you think it’s better to give
 “ this guinea than to hear me talk, but

I

“ I am

“ I am very certain it is not so charm-
 “ ing as my tongue, and if I should
 “ be taken dumb for this, all the
 “ guineas you have would not make me
 “ speak again, but I am resolved I’ll
 “ get this guinea if I never get another,
 “ for I want to buy some ribbons and
 “ gloves, and if the men will make
 “ haste and row us ashore, I’ll give
 “ them a crown to drink.

“ The fellows were obliged to bite
 “ their lips to keep from laugh-
 “ ing; and she at last was quite silent;
 “ but ev’ry now and then when she was
 “ going to talk, I checked her, and she
 “ would laugh excessively; at last she
 “ takes out her pencil and writes on a
 “ bit of paper, which she gave her fa-
 “ ther,

“ ther, *I am not to forfeit the guinea for*
 “ *laughing, that was not in the bargain,*
 “ her father said no, and smiled.

“ WE were soon landed, when she
 “ claimed the guinea, which I gave her,
 “ and she gave the boat’s crew a crown.
 “ I attended them home, where we
 “ found mad lord M. who was remark-
 “ able for having his chaplain attend-
 “ ing him every where in his canonical
 “ habit, and who upon missing him one
 “ evening had him cry’d all over Ply-
 “ mouth at 12 o’clock at night.

“ His lordship talked away as usual,
 “ and in particular told us a story
 “ which he said happened when he com-
 “ manded the *Rose* man of war in the
 “ West-

“ West-Indies, of a young fellow,
 “ who was an excellent seamen, being
 “ ill of a calenture and long’d for
 “ greens, which if he had not, he said
 “ he should die; my lord said he
 “ should be very sorry to lose so good a
 “ man, but the ship was at sea, and it
 “ was impossible to get him any; then
 “ the poor fellow begged to speak with
 “ his messmate, who went to him, and
 “ he told him he should soon be dead,
 “ and he would leave him his pay which
 “ was due; his messmate was much
 “ concerned and went upon deck; he
 “ had a guard near his hammock to
 “ keep him from going into the sea,
 “ because people in these disorders
 “ think the sea to be green fields; in
 “ about two or three hours the person
 “ that

“ that he was to leave his pay to, went
 “ down to see if he was dead,
 “ instead of which he was sitting up
 “ in his bed eating something, and said,
 “ he owed his life to the great good-
 “ ness of his captain, who had sent him
 “ his belly full of greens ; his messmate
 “ could not conceive what he meant by
 “ it, and by examining, found he had
 “ ate half of a green rug that covered
 “ him, and took it for greens.

“ Miss Yeo, who seemed to give
 “ great attention to this story, direct-
 “ ly said, I am sure my lord that’s a
 “ great fib ; which set us all a laugh-
 “ ing.

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 " great attention to this story, direct-
 " ly said, I am sure my lord that's a
 " great fib ; which set us all a laugh-
 " ing.

“ I was so full of this girl’s great
 “ good-nature and vivacity, that after
 “ supper when I had got her father by
 “ himself over a bottle, I asked his
 “ leave to address his daughter.

“ He said, pray what fortune do
 “ you expect with her ?

“ I TOLD him I did not want much,
 “ only to pay off a mortgage my bro-
 “ ther had left on the estate, otherwise
 “ I would take her without a shilling,
 “ provided she could like me, which
 “ I had the vanity to think she would ;
 “ and what is the sum for this mort-
 “ gage, he said ; I told him fifteen
 “ hundred pounds, and I would settle
 “ two hundred a year jointure on her.

“ YES

“ Y E S so you shall, says her father,
 “ when I part with such a sum out
 “ of my hands before I die ; I would
 “ to you as soon or sooner than to
 “ any man, because I believe you have
 “ a value for the girl, and will make
 “ her a good husband ; but she’s too
 “ young, and I won’t give any money
 “ with her till my death.

“ S H E was a girl of the most extra-
 “ ordinary turn of disposition I ever met
 “ with, and for the sake of her I never
 “ married nor never will ; and her fa-
 “ ther was the whole cause of her ruin ;
 “ for as Jemmat did not ask any for-
 “ tune, he gave his consent without
 “ once enquiring into his circum-
 “ stances.

I’LL

“ I’LL tell you,” says this gentleman to Mr. H. “ one more instance
 “ of this girl’s innocence and great
 “ good temper after she was married ;
 “ their shop used to be continually filled
 “ with gentlemen, and one day in particular when I was in it, there were
 “ two or three gay young sparks came
 “ in, who all seemed to be paying Mrs.
 “ Jemmat a great many compliments,
 “ till at last she very prudently withdrew ; but her husband soon sent for
 “ her back, and said to her ; damn you,
 “ you can stay in the shop when nobody’s here, why don’t you stay now.

“ At which she very readily replied,
 “ without the least change of temper ;
 “ indeed, my dear, if you would permit
 “ me

“ mit me to serve in the shop, I should
 “ think it my proper province to be
 “ there at all times, and should take a
 “ great delight in it ; but your not al-
 “ lowing me to serve behind the coun-
 “ ter, and your being angry that I did
 “ not stay to divert those gentlemen,
 “ makes them think you put me up to
 “ be seen for sale, like a piece of silk in
 “ your shop, which is the reason of their
 “ coming here, for they never buy any
 “ thing, and hinder the country people
 “ that would ; and some of them have
 “ wanted me to go away with them al-
 “ ready.

“ Upon which he went up to her,
 “ and struck her more than once, and
 “ she with all the calmness in the
 “ world

“ world turned to me, who was sitting
 “ in the shop, for Jemmat had invited
 “ me to dinner, and said, would you,
 “ Sir, use a wife so that was with child?
 “ No, that I should not, said I, was she
 “ like you,

“ AND did the dog strike her before
 “ you, said Mr. H. had I been present
 “ I should not have borne it although
 “ he was her husband.

“ AND how did she behave at din-
 “ ner, or did you leave them? No,
 “ Jemmat would insist upon my stay-
 “ ing, and her behaviour afterwards
 “ both astonished and charmed me;
 “ for after a few minutes all sorrow
 “ and

“ and anger was cleared from her brow,
 “ and she sat down and did the ho-
 “ nours of the table with all the good-
 “ nature and cheerfulness imaginable,
 “ and behaved to that brute as if no-
 “ thing had happened.

“ As soon as we had dined she with-
 “ drew and left us at our bottle.

“ There was another gentleman pre-
 “ sent who had been, and still is a great
 “ admirer of hers, and we took this
 “ husband of hers to task, and told him
 “ he ought to consider her age, and
 “ that tho’ she was a girl of spirit she
 “ had great prudence, and that many
 “ hundred women would have resented
 “ it so much as not to have set at
 “ table afterwards.

“ INSTEAD

“ INSTEAD of which, with all the
 “ chearfulness in the world, she met
 “ you at dinner, and with her usual
 “ good-nature very chearfully helped
 “ you to what you liked.

“ THEN the other gentleman said,
 “ by G—d Jemmat if you could be
 “ unmarried, I would give five hun-
 “ dred pounds to marry her, and take
 “ her with child as she is and without
 “ a shift, provided she could love me.

“ HE might have her, he said,
 “ with all his heart, for her father
 “ was an old rogue and would not give
 “ her a fortune ; that was your own
 “ fault, said the other ; you was the
 “ worst rogue to deceive both the fa-
 “ ther

“ ther and the daughter ; by which
 “ means you have made her miser-
 “ able ; but I hope her father will
 “ take her home, and the child she
 “ goes with ; therefore let me ad-
 “ vise you to alter your behaviour,
 “ and keep your temper and tongue ;
 “ for let her father be ever so bad, the
 “ girl can’t help it. All we could say
 “ would not avail, for he was as obsti-
 “ nate as a mule.”

To which I shall take the liberty of
 adding the following pieces of poetry,
 as part of them are the best production
 of my poor abilities.

*Addressed to a very beneficent Noble-
man.*

WHETHER, my Lord, 'tis greater
pain,

For you to hear or me complain,

Has oft my thoughts engross;

I'm vastly troublesome, 'tis true,

But still I must appeal to you,

Who feels the burthen most?

When various blessings you impart,

It lightens, it relieves your heart,

For virtue is self-pay'd;

Here only the exalted mind

Can feel how much it is refin'd,

And see its pow'r display'd.

But I, the sport of adverse fate,

Existing in a world I hate,

Amidst

Amidst the fordid cast ;
 Whene'er oppressive ills attend,
 Must first invoke that only friend,
 I should solicit last.

Oh with what trembling steps I come,
 Shame and confusion hold me dumb,
 Unable to reply ;
 A thousand persecuting foes,
 With poignant darts the rear compose,
 Whene'er to thee I fly.

Hear then, my Lord, my last request,
 In earnestness of soul exprest,
 My future shame prevent ;
 A slender annual pittance give,
 A small but certain means to live,
 And rest my soul content.

Addressed

*Addressed to the Right Rev. the Lord
Bishop of ———.*

To breasts like thine paternally that
share
In each vicissitude of human care,
When friends and fortune from the
wretched fly,
To ease the heart, and wipe the stream-
ing eye,
Inspires seraphic extacy of mind,
Which the supremely virtuous only find;
Not pride or pomp, or luxury or dress,
Not all that elocution can express,
Such home-felt joy and ravishment im-
part
As warms and elevates a Christian heart.
The

The thund'ring peal that earth's foun-
 dation shakes,
 Peace to the good man's conscious spirit
 speaks ;
 Shews what magnificence and pow'rs
 attend
 That awful being he esteems a friend ;
 Commission'd angels guard his soft re-
 pose,
 And sweet content his fearless slumbers
 close :
 Such calm felicity, such bliss divine,
 Rewards bright ——— a soul like
 thine,
 That holy't sanction to religion gives,
 And up to each instructive precept
 lives.

'Tis your's with boundless hand to
bring redress,

When sickness, want, or nakedness op-
press;

The mourning widow's anguish to re-
strain,

And kindly mitigate the orphan's pain :
To see affliction at her dreadful goal,

And vanquish with benevolence the
foul ;

Thro' ev'ry step thy hallow'd master
trod,

To act the impartial delegate of God.

To Cælia, fond of a Cat.

WHO knows but Jove, in this disguise,
 Once more his deity belies ;
 And from Olympus to thy breast
 Descends, to be supremely blest ?
 Why wilt thou then, aspiring fair,
 Indulge the latent danger there ;
 When, were the god confess'd, thy
 frame,

Could not sustain his furious flame ?
 Or grant that form thy fav'rite's own,
 Who thy mistake would not bemoan ?
 Why on a brute those kisses lost,
 Which to enjoy e'en Jove would boast ?

Fair nymph, prefer the safer mean,
 Man comes familiarly between ;

Man,

Man, not so firey bright as Jove,
Yet turn'd as happily for love ;
Man, far above the tabby kind,
Yet of a no less humble mind.——
Upon thy smiles let Strephon live,
And joy at once receive and give.

A Picture of a good Husband.

SHOULD Providence present a man of
parts,
Not learn'dly vain, yet skill'd in lib'ral
arts ;
Whose principles are solid, pious too,
Just to himself, and to his monarch true;
In conversation grave, but not precise,
Unmov'd in dangers, yet in counsel wise:
His

His carriage humble, mix'd with decent
pride,

Instruct by actions, and as wisely chide ;
Who hates all flatt'ry, and does truth
revere,

Deeds prove his words, and ev'ry act
sincere ;

One who the world's temptations can
withstand,

And all his passions equally command ;

If this uncommon creature should }
agree }

To like an honest, dull sincerity, }

(For wit and beauty ne'er belong'd }
to me) }

I could contentedly accept the bliss,

And with a pleasure know no will but
his.

Wrote

Wrote in a young Lady's Milton.

HAD our first parent known but to
 controul,
 And guide, like you, the passions of the
 soul;
 In vain had Satan all his arts essay'd;
 Virtues, like your's, would scorn to be
 betray'd.
 Then no such thoughts had Milton's
 breast inspir'd,
 Nor you, nor I, his tender lines admir'd:
 Then learn from hence this female vice
 to shun,
 Search not too far, by this was Eve un-
 done.

A new

A new Simile for young Batchelors.

As when a mouse that quits her cell,
 Attracted by the tempting smell
 Of dainties cleanly Nan has drest,
 And guarded for to-morrow's feast,
 Unfortunately meets her fate,
 By sliding thro' the wiry grate,
 To gain the well-dissembled bait: }
 So the fond youth, whose easy heart
 Falls a quick prey to Delia's art,
 Despairs, impatient, till his rage
 Finds entrance into wedlock's cage;—
 Then cancels all the vows he swore,
 And wonders how he could adore :
 Like Mus laments lost liberty,
 And the same fate must set him free.

On

On Chance and Predestination.

THREE diff'rent schemes philosophers
assign;

A Chance, a Fate, a Providence divine.
Which to embrace of these three
diff'rent views,

Methinks it is not difficult to chuse ;
For, first, what wisdom, or what sense
to cry

Things happen so and so, we know not
why ?

Or how are we advanc'd one jot, to
know,

When things once are, that they must
needs be so ?

To see such order, and deny all laws,
Feel such effects, and yet confess no
cause,

What

What can be more extravagant and odd?
He only reasons that believes a God.

On the May Morning.

THE summer's morn unveils her eyes,
And darksome shades dispels away;
The dawning glade shines round the
 skies,
And Phœbus smiles at new-born day.

Around his orb, the blushing east,
With rosy streaks, bedecks his rays;
Refulgent thus, he mounts from rest,
And all his radiant beams displays.

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Intensely

Intensely swift he circling moves
 Around the skies with flaming
 blaze ;

The great Creator, God above,
 Each day renews his constant race.

Now pearly dews each flower spreads,
 And early flocks from coverts rise ;
 The verdant lawn they sporting tread,
 While western gales around 'em
 sighs.

The lark, with chearful voice on
 high,
 Soars up the ætherial way ;
 And views the far extended sky,
 With songs to greet the happy day.

The

The lusty swains their cottage leave,
 And to their fleecy flocks repair ;
 And tune their pipes till dusky eve,
 Diurnal with the tender care.

Bright Phœbus, now, the dew ex-
 hales,
 And cheers the fainting languid
 flowers ;

And smiling nature decks the vales,
 Around the shady ambient bowers.

The feather'd tribes their voices raise,
 Concordant with each other sing ;
 And whilst they love they strive to
 praise

Their Maker, heav'n's eternal king !

The

The trees expand their leaves around,
 All in their bloom, and gay attire;
 And sylvan maids with garlands crown'd,
 At thy approach, when love inspire.

The purling rills, and flow'ry meads,
 Their yielding beauties spring around;
 And nature all her sweetness spreads,
 O'er the enamell'd vernal ground.

Extensive God! supreme essence!
 Of nature's bounteous blooming store,
 To thee I laud thy excellence,
 And sing of thy almighty pow'r!

To Miss ——— in the Country.

FROM town where nought but spleen
and spite,

And scandals dire prevail,
My muse retreats, and in her flight,
To you directs her tale.

To you who free from hateful strife,
Pass the gay hours away,
Enjoying still new sweets of life
With each succeeding day.

Whilst we involv'd in broils and feuds,
Of evils sure the worst :
So fill'd with idiots, pimps, and prudes,
We're doom'd to be accurs'd,

Pandora's box, I must confess,
 I think was open'd here ;
 For where's the place from east to west,
 Where greater plagues appear ?
 Whilst —, happy, happy place,
 With joyous concord rings;
 There scandal dares not shew her face,
 Nor spread her sable wings,
 But all is calm, serene and gay,
 Quite free from care and strife ;
 Grant me, ye gods, while live I may,
 Just such a scene of life.

The Choice.

A MAN that's neither high nor low,
 In party or in stature ;
 No noisy rake, or fickle beau,
 That's us'd to cringe and flatter.

And

And let him be no learned fool,
 That nods o'er musty books;
 Who eats and drinks, and lives by rule,
 And waves my words and looks.
 Let him be easy, frank and gay,
 Of dancing never tir'd;
 Always t'have something smart to say,
 But silent if requir'd.

The Lover's Resolve.

ENRAG'D with Delia's coy disdain,
 Despairing Damon swore,
 He'd now dispel his am'rous pain,
 Nor think on woman more.
 But first each pledge of former love,
 Each present he'd reclaim,
 Then hastens to the neighbouring grove,
 And thus address'd the dame:

Falſe

False fair, thou know'st that taper
crook,

That faithful dog that guards thy flock,

That scrip too, once were mine;

But since my love unheeded dies,

Since you no more the giver prize,

His love and gifts resign.

With milder mein and smother brow,

And well-dissembled sighs,

The fair one meets her shepherd now,

And blushing thus replies:

Whate'er thy fickle fondness gave,

Thine av'rice back again shall have:

But oh! remember, swain,

With ev'ry gift a kiss you join'd,

Be then those kisses now resign'd;

Nor will I aught retain.

Thus saying, to the youth she flew,

Around his neck her arms she threw,

Her

Her lips to his applied ;
 Her swelling bosom press'd to his,
 Infus'd her soul at ev'ry kiss,
 And quite forgot her pride.
 With raptures joyful Damon hears
 His bliss too great to bear :
 Then thus with fault'ring voice he
 cheers,

The penitential fair :
 Forgive, my love, my life, my joy,
 Forgive thy rude ill-manner'd boy,
 Who dar'd his grief display :
 My crook, my flock, my all be thine !
 Let this, my fair, be only mine,
 To love and to obey.

Genius,

Genius, Virtue, and Reputation.

As Genius, Virtue, Reputation,
 Three worthy friends o'er all the nation,
 Agreed to roam, then pass the seas,
 And visit Italy and Greece :
 By travel to improve their parts,
 And learn the languages and arts ;
 Not like our modern fops and beaux,
 To improve the pattern of their cloaths :
 Thus Genius said, —— " Companions
 dear,

" To what I speak incline an ear :

" Some chance, perhaps, may us
 " divide ;

" Let us against the worst provide.

" And

“ And give some sign, by which to

“ find

“ A friend thus lost, or left behind.

“ For me if cruel fate should ever

“ Me and my dear companions

“ severe,

“ Go seek me 'midst the walls of

“ Rome,

“ At Angelo's, or Raphael's tomb ;

“ Or else at Virgil's sacred shrine,

“ Lamenting with the mournful

“ Nine.”

Next Virtue pausing ; —— (for she
knew

The places were but very few,

Where she could fairly hope to stay

Till her companions came that
way :))

“ Pass

“ Pass by (she cry’d) the court, the
“ ball,

“ The masquerade and carnival,
“ Where all in false disguise appear, }
“ But vice, whose face is ever bare ; }
“ ’Tis ten to one I am not there. }

“ Cælia, the loveliest maid on earth !
“ I’ve been her friend, e’er since her
“ birth ;

“ Perfection in her person charms,
“ And virtue all her bosom warms ;
“ A matchless pattern for the fair ;
“ Her dwelling seek, you’ll find me
“ there.”

Cry’d Reputation, “ I like you,
“ Had once a soft companion too ;
“ As fair her person, as her fame,
“ And Coquetissa was her name.

“ Ten

“ Ten thousand lovers swell’d her
“ train ;

“ Ten thousand lovers sigh’d in vain :

“ Where’er she went, the dangles
“ came ;

“ Yet still I was her favourite flame.

“ Till once,——(’twas at the public
“ show)

“ The play being done, we rose to
“ go ;

“ A thing who long had ey’d the fair,

“ His neck stiff-yoak’d in solitaire,

“ With clean white gloves, first made
“ approach,

“ Then begg’d to lead her to her
“ coach :

“ She smil’d, and gave her lilly hand ;

“ Away they tript it to the Strand :

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“ A hack-

" A hackney coach receiv'd the pair,
 " They went to——but I won't tell
 " where.

" Then lost she reputation quite :
 " Friends take example from that
 " night,

" And never leave me from your
 " sight.

" For oh ! if cruel fate intends
 " Ever to part me from my friends,
 " Think that I'm dead ; my death de-
 " plore,

" But never hope to see me more !
 " In vain you'll search the world a-
 " round ;

" Lost reputation's never to be found."

The Heron. A Tale for the old Maids.

A HER'N erect, with stately stride,
 Was coasting by a river's side;
 Where gilded carps, in limpid stream,
 Sported before him, in the gleam;
 And lordly pikes courted his taste,
 He needed only stoop to feast:
 But hoping something nice would offer,
 Dainty, he slight the present proffer:
 Not long, but appetite restor'd,
 Draws him again down to a ford;
 Here the firm, slimy tench he found,
 (But nothing better all around)
 Such low repast with scorn refus'd,
 Thus proudly with himself he mus'd:
What

What, tench for me! such wretched
stuff

Might serve an otter well enough;
But her'ns thus low to condescend,
Like city-mouse with country friend!
Unmov'd, he views the homely fare,
Nor thinks it worth a single care:
The tench swim off.—The gudgeons.
next

Approach our hero—now perplex;
But he, who scorn'd their betters so,
Scorns them—and lets the gudgeons
go;

And now all's gone, both good and
bad;

(A fin on no terms to be had)
Poor long-shanks, seeing no great
choice,

Knew 'twas a folly to be nice;

And

And so, to make his supper sure,
Eat snails like any epicure.

The Lady's Resolve.

WHILST thirst of praise, and vain de-
fire of fame,
In ev'ry age is ev'ry woman's aim;
With courtship pleas'd of silly toasters
proud,
Fond of a train, and happy in a crowd;
On each poor fool bestowing some kind
glance,
Each conquest owing to some loose ad-
vance;
While vain coquets affect to be pursu'd,
And think they're virtuous, if not gross-
ly lew'd;

M 3

Let

Let this great maxim be my virtue's
guide ;

In part she is to blame that has
been try'd ;

He comes too near, that comes to be
deny'd.

The Gentleman's Answer.

WHILST pretty fellows think a woman's
fame,

In ev'ry state and ev'ry age the same ;

With their own folly pleas'd the fair
they toast,

And where they least are happy, swear
they're most ;

No difference making 'twixt coquet and
prude ;

And her that seems, yet is not really
lewd ;

While

While thus they think, and thus they
vainly live,

And tastes no joys but what their fan-
cies give.

Let this great maxim be my action's
guide,

May I ne'er hope, tho' I am ne'er
deny'd;

Nor think a woman won, that's wil-
ling to be try'd.

To-morrow.

THOUGHTLESS on fate, tho' of its ef-
fence sure,

View man, the bound'ries of his state
explore;

The soft delusive sweets of life avail,

To charm (just for a while) the sense
of all;

In

In some they raise a discontented mind,
 In some corrupted, and in some refin'd.
 Harden'd thro' crimes impenitently gay,
 See here a man bewilder'd in delay;
 From time to time defer's his mending
 hour;

Bold in his vice, he thinks himself secure.
 To-morrow's with to-morrow's blended
 lye,

All his defects to-morrow must supply.
 To-morrow comes is but a common day:
 His sins predominant must still delay.
 Thus endless series of whole years may
 fly,

To-morrow he's to mend, to-morrow
 he's to die;

At last cold death approaches with her
 aweful train,

Clasps our bold hero, who submits with
 conscious pain,

To-

To-morrow he wishes, being now too
late, to save,

Withdraws into the confines of the
sleepy grave.

Thus liv'd, thus dy'd, and left sufficient
ground to say,

There's no to-morrow, 'tis happy there
is to-day.

Wrote

*Wrote on seeing some flowers blow in an
apartment.*

WHAT then will Flora bless my hum-
ble cell,
And spread her op'ning fragrance to
the sun ;
Deigns she with sighs, with solitude to
dwell,
And bless the precincts of a wretch
undone.
Yes, see the pink her beauties wide un-
fold,
She courts not fortune nor her filken
smile ;
She comes unbrib'd by insolence or gold,
Too chaste for human cunning to be-
guile.

Parent of nature, undissembled good,
 Author of all the comforts thou hast
 lent,
 Let but thy mercies well be understood,
 Then who shall find an hour for dis-
 content.

*Address to a Gentleman on seeing his Gar-
 dens and Improvements.*

BEHOLD the pow'r of elegance and taste,
 Awake to harmony the dreary waste,
 Where'er I tread, spontaneous beauties
 rise,
 And new-form'd wonders captivate my
 my eyes.
 Is it a scene in paradise I view ?
 Or is Amphion's pow'r devolv'd to you ?
 That

That rocks and woods, and waters
should be taught,

A prompt obedience to each happy
thought.

Whether I wander thro' the artless shade,
Where nature's simplest aspect is display'd ;

Or fill'd with wild imagination, rove
Amidst the fragrance of thy orange grove ;
Whether yon Gothic temple I survey,
Or mark the waterstrickling in their way,
My tongue and pen ambitiously contend,
One to describe, the other to commend.
From such divine improvements we may
find

Sure means to judge of an accomplish'd
mind,

Where

Where all the sweets of each remoter
land
Stand here compil'd by a judicious
hand.

*Addressed to a Lady who had two lovely
Boys.*

SHE comes, immortal pleasures to impart,
Love in her looks, and honour in her
heart,

She comes, attended by her native train,
That sportive cupids emulate in vain,
Those blooming boys, whose lineaments
proclaim

The long illustrious race from whence
they came ;

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Belov'd

Belov'd by all, majestic she appears,
Emitting lustre through a veil of tears.

E P I G R A M.

All agree that a poet can seldom get
bread
Till age has destroy'd every tooth in
his head,
Then why should I be in the dumps ;
From the maxim 'tis clear,
My preferment is near,
Since mine are all worn to the stumps.

On

*On the death of the Right Hon. HENRY
PELHAM, Esq;*

SAY Pelham, say, what now avails thy
toil,
Thy constant watchings o'er the mid-
night oil;
To read the grave historian's labour'd
page,
To admire the raptur'd bard, or
thoughtful sage;
Could all thy knowledge stop thy part-
ing breath?
Could all thy grandeur charm the eye of
death?
Ah no! it could not charm no more
than save,
'Tis virtue only triumphs o'er the grave.
'Twas

'Twas she, kind goddess, soften'd ev'ry
care,

Allay'd thy anger, and dispell'd thy fear,
She grac'd thy life, she bid thee bravely
die,

And guides thee to immortal joys on
high.

An Acrostick on my Brother's going to Sea:

W hen tempests with their thousand
 horrors rise,

I nspect th'impending ruin not with eyes

L oaded with tears ; but when destruc-
 tion's near

L ook on and slight it with intrepid air ;

I n gulph of dread uncertainty ne'er
 know

A passion that does in cowards glow ;

M indful of heav'n, and that that heav'n
 design'd,

Y ield to its providential care resign'd ;

E ternal gods to them submission show,

O ft think on them, as we on thee poor

Yeo.

*By a young Gentleman on the Death of my
Brother.*

To whom shall I my labouring breast
disclose,
Reveal my tortures, and disclose my
woes ;
To thee, dear Lycidas, surviving friend,
To me thy aid, thy pen, thy muses
lend ;
While I in faithful, tho' in humble
strain,
Deplore my loss, and of the fates com-
plain ;
No more in pleasing themes the muse
delights,
Now sadly murmuring, trembles as she
writes.

Far

Far different thoughts must now my pen
employ,

And into deepest anguish turn my joy ;
Let love a while be banish'd far away,
Whilst I the last sad debt of friendship
pay.

Ye virgins listen to this tale of woe,
And let the tender tears of sorrow flow ;
You who once knew the dear departed
youth,
That he was all made up of love and
truth :

But oh, the brightest virtues cannot save
Their lovely owner from the insatiate
grave.

For you, ye fair, there may be some a-
mends,

All men are lovers, 'tis but few are
friends ;

Your

Your shock of sorrow may in time decline,

Time may assuage your grief, but never mine ;

You for new lovers may new smiles put on,

But I for no such friend now he is gone.

Who doe's not mourn this youth's unhappy date,

What heart but melts with pity for his fate?

Farewell too little and too lately known,

Whom I began to think and call my own.

Have I not cause, relentless heaven to mourn ?

Did ever breast with purer friendship burn ?

Did

Did ever youth so beautiful appear ?
 Did ever branch so sweet a blossom
 bear ?
 Death view'd his beauties with unfriend-
 ly eyes,
 Stept proudly forth and snatch'd the
 glorious prize ;
 Thus does the lovely rose its sweets dis-
 pense,
 Fair to the eye and pleasing to the sense :
 Till hoary winter with its icy arms,
 Nips the fair bud and rifles all its charms.
 Behold his weeping sisters first appear,
 For ever torn from what they held so
 dear ;
 Adorn'd with cypress shades and spring-
 ing flowers,
Shining

Shining thro' tears, like April suns in
showers ;

And great must be that merit which can
draw

Streams from the loveliest eyes that ever
saw.

Lo ! there she sits, and silent as she cries,
A crystal flood of tears bedew her eyes ;
Tears which should melt a heart even
free to view,

How then must mine that's conquered
bleed anew ;

Conquer'd by thee, dear maid, some
pity show,

Restrain those tears, ah ! still, alas ! they
flow,

Compassion, love, and friendship all
combine,

Can I resist ? no, I'll for ever pine,

Sad

Sad luxury of grief how will I rove,
 From sorrow still, to circling sorrow
 move,
 From endless glory, kindest endless
 love.
 But why thy untimely fate should we
 deplore,
 Sure we shall meet when once this life
 is o'er;
 Where op'ning scenes of wonder charm
 the view,
 And the soul springs to joys for ever
 new.
 Heav'n only calls him to the realms a-
 bove,
 To teach the cherubims how they
 should love.

But

But hark ! what voice is that invades
 my ears ?

A voice which bids me cast away my
 fears ;

Sure I should know the form so young,
 so gay ;

Yes, 'tis his shade, and thus it seems to
 say :

Lament, mistaken friend ; my fate no
 more,

I'm safely landed on a happier shore,

And blest to full perfection I can now

With pity view whate'er I left below ;

Indulge no more this sad complaining
 voice,

Nor by intemperate grief disturb my
 joys.

He

He spoke no more, but wing'd away
 his flight
 To the bright mansions of eternal light.

*Sent to me with a nosegay the latter end
 of the season.*

ACCEPT, my fair, this latter bloom,
 And lay it on thy breast,
 Where angels would delight to come,
 Could they be half so blest.
 Go happy nosegay, sweet as May,
 To Kitty's sweeter bosom go,
 And whilst amidst her charms you lay,
 My secret passion let her know.

*Sent to Mr. H. by an old gentleman, at
the time he courted me.*

ADAM alone could not be easy,
But he must have a wife, an't please
you;

But how did he procure this wife
To chear his solitary life?
Why from a rib out of his side
Was form'd this necessary bride;
And how did he the pain beguile?
Pho, he slept sweetly all the while:
But when the rib was re-apply'd
In woman's form to Adam's side,
How then, I pray you, did it answer?
He never slept so sweet again, Sir.

Sent

Sent me by Mr. S.

How long I thought the nights and
days

When absent from my fair,
Who can recount the many ways
I strove to ease my care ;

Sometimes by music's softest charms
I try'd to ease my pain,

But that gave way to mighty love,
Like me its conquer'd swain ;

At first I thought all things combin'd
To wound my tender breast,

And that conspiring fates design'd
To rob me of my rest ;

But soon I found I had mistook,
And that was not the cause ;

'Twas reason had her throne forsook,
To stoop to Cupid's laws ;

But

But when I did reflect again
On all her pow'rful charms,
The hopes, the fears, the pleasing pain,
When folded in her arms ;
Then like a lover that pursues
The thing he ought to fly,
And prizes what's no loss to lose,
Just so did foolish I.

F I N I S.

10 JU 68



